The Question of the Hour Andrews, By Maurice Ketten

THE FIGHTER

A Romance With a Strange Hero of the Battling Breed

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

YNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,

to the door halted and looked back in keep us alive.

"I guess you folks has read of the crass interest. Men glanced at one anway men get treated in those places other, muttering queries that found where the State gives from coveres.

what it meant to him to settle down ordeal of the Standish dinner party; to a job after four years in the open." scated next to Letty; and drinking Conover glanced again at his more champagne than was his wont. Tather. The old man had ceased to mumble and was trying to follow the At first, he had sat tacturn, now, the fighter's speech. The slack jaw had wine began to loosen his tongue.

Conover felt he was getting on the huddled form was struggling slowly to its feet.

"He tried to work," resumed Conform the slight alcofness of the evening's earlier moments—
over, "out younger, smarter folks, of the evening's earlier moments—
of the evening's and drinking stringin' me, weren't you?"

Nevertheless he was inwardly flattered at her praise and began to look on her with an even more favoring eye, if marriage in such a set were ment, he felt he might do far worse than choose this comely, quivering-

paddin' expense accounts an' gettin' graft on fodder bills an' such. He'd seen contractors grow rich by sellin' the Gov'ment shoddy blankets an'

Can Concret has fought bis way up from the gutter to the Presidency of the C. G and X. Rathread. He and his henchman, Came, have just won a monopoly in "Steeloid," smaading a syndicity of semiles headed by one Blacards, Calebi I guardian of Dedree Sherlin, a beautiful girt noom he actives and for shown he believes his feeling to be meetly paternal. Desiree is the one person on earth who can break through his haman cleim to the gentler and more hoylish character behind it. Caleb goes to the Capital to block a more of his financial ensmies. Haserda has him called away by a faise report that Desiree is ill. Caleb learns of the trick, returns to the Capital to be win his fight, then proceeds to thresh. Hiscarda, Calie interfers to are Blacarda is ille. Later, at a dinner at the Araresk Clish, a drughen man in rags bursts into the dining room, declaring he is Caleb's father.

(Continued.)

In the House of Rimmon.

E broke into a senile, weak sobbing. And from all over the room rose a confused whispering, a rustie, an indefinable electric thrill.

Women whose escorts had led them to the door haited and looked back in the stope to ask if he'd used the was first a common thief. An' they sent him to State prison. Me an' my mother could starve, for all the law cared. The bread-winner was locked up. That was all holy Justice asked for. We could die of hunger if we wanted to, now that the law had taken away the man who had stole to keep us alive.

"I guess you folks has read of the

no answer. Even Dillingham forgot to repent of their sins. For five years at last his faint hope of restoring the shattered function to its former banai caim.

Pair by pair, all eyes slowly focussed on Caleb Conover. But the most imaginative gazer could not descript emotion—whether of surprise, time.

"He tried to work," resumed Conover, "but younger, smarter folks, of the evening's earlier moments—
nosed damsel at his side.

"Fond of rabbits?" he asked—as
grabbin' all the good jobs. Yet he
got what he could, an for awhile he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could, an for a while he
got what he could have to a while he
got what he could have to a while he
got wha



WHAT SHALL I GIVE TO BILLY FOR XMAS 2

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WHAT SHALL I GIVE TO BILLY

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XMAS SUGGESTION

The True Yuletide Spirit was never brought out so beautifully in any other story as in A CHRISTMAS CAROL By Charles Dickens

This classic should be read or reread by every one at the present season. So The Evening World is going to reprint it complete during Christmas week. Read it for your own sake and for the sake of those whose Christmas you may be led to make happier by reading it.

chirched, her face was hard as a church, statue's. The moonlight gave back you a cold fire from her great eyes.

Say"—

"How dare you?" she panted. "How dare you?" she panted. "How dare you! You speak of marrying the force to avoid him. The knowl-buying a borze! You even talk it over with the man she has promised to marry! But I suppose you chuckled to yourself over your barroom cunning in getting an opinion from him of a sudden hardened Destree's big without letting him know it was his sneer at her as a 'rabbit-faced little bunch of silliness,' and yet you speak are the sensing the sensing the sensing him know it was his sneer at her as a 'rabbit-faced little bunch of silliness,' and yet you speak in the same breath of making her your wife. Do you realize you are not only insulting her by such a thought, but you are insulting me by speaking so in my presence?"

"Dey!" gasped the bewildered man,

"Good!" approved Caleb. "I hope well is not of each other."

And, looking into his light, mas, the light, mas, the light, mas, the suit knew all at once within three miles of here. It's within three miles of here! The hought had at once that serial two her here! The knowl-the within three miles of here! The here's pour at all glad to see me? You at all glad to see the man's puzzled, unenthusiastic that had been so brimful of joyous welcome. Caleb roused him

************ COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD for CHRISTMAS WEEK A CHRISTMAS CAROL By CHARLES DICKENS

saw you like"—
"Be still!" she commanded, her song:
"Ble still!" she commanded, her song:
sliver voice ringing harsh. "I forbid "She won't let him make love to
you to speak to me, now or any time, me. She won't! She won't!"
A man who can plan what you are
stanning and who can boast of it.

CHAPTER IX. isn't fit to speak to any woman. You went to the house as a guest—and you asked men's opinions in the

smoking room"—
"It was the dressin' room, Dey," he pleaded. "An" it was only me an"

"You ask men's opinion," blazed on "You ask men's opinion," blazed on Desiree, unheeding, "as to whether you are likely to gain anything in a social way by wrecking an innocent girl's life. You sit by her at dinner—at her own father's table—and plan in smug complacency how to separate her from a man she really loves—and to compel her to marry you. Why, pressed down upon the Fighter's you aren't fit to marry her chamber you aren't fit to marry you. Why, pressed down upon the Fighter's you aren't fit to marry her chambermaid. There isn't a groom in her stable that hasn't higher, holier ideals, Now go! This is the last time I want to see you as long as I live!"

A swiri of soft skirts, the sharp slam of a door, and Caleb Conover, aghast, wordless with dismay, stood along on the little months provided the car.

He had arranged privately and at a long on the little months provided that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the private that he was the little months and the little months and the little months are the little month

alone on the little moonlit perch.
For a full minute he stood there, dumfounded. Then, from somewhere take Desiree, as her guest, to the Adin the darkness beyond the closed door Rending, heart-broken sobs, that months the girl had been there. And brought a lump to his own throat.

"Now what in blazes could a made her act like that?" he pondered, half-aloud. "Geel but I'd rather be horse-whipped than make that kid cry! An' Larons "he was on he reason of the life. Caleb performed with ease born of I a'pose," he went on as he passed out of the gate, "I s'pose bout this time Letty Standish an Caine are sayin good-night, all slushly like, an' grin-nin' at each other, like a couple of measly love-birds."

"You must be crazy, child! I never Letty Standish was saying over and

On Top of the World.

ONOVER woke from a quaint dream of being buried alive in an ill-fitting coffin. And dawning consciousness

irondack cottage at the Antiers, on

life.

Caleb performed with ease born of long practise that contortionist feat known as "dressing in the berth."

Then scrambling out, he lurched down the narrow dark alse toward the washrown at the rear. The place cht, all slushly like, an' grineach other, like a couple of
love-birds."

CHAPTER VIII.

Conover Takes an Afternoon Off.

HE Fighter made life a burden, next day, for the office
staff of the C. G. & X. An
electric aura of uneasiness